THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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UNDER THE LILAC.

BY MRS. L. L. CORNELIUSEN.

Robed in purple the Iliac
Catches the sun's gold kiss;
Touched by her queenly rakeness
Dreameth a maid of bliss.

Dreameth the breath of Iliac,
Lading the amber air;
Filleth the dim, dim vista
Of pure enshining care.

Sweet, O sweet is the Iliac,
Royally kissed of sun;
Sweet are the dreams of maiden;
This is the sweetest one.

Under the fringe of purple
Stoopeth a lissly form:
The fancy blossoms real,
Her dreams with life are warm.

The Iliac time forever!
The purple, gold, the breath;
The dreamer, the true, true living,
Stronger to fade and death.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT TEN YEARS DID.

Ten years! What an immense assemblage of events may be crowded into them; and how few. With what racing speed they may pass; and how slowly and wearily they may toil along. Ten years! What a lengthened period it is to look forward to the end of the last of those years! How short a period it seems to look back to the commencement of the first!

At the expiration of the tenth year after the events narrated in the preceding chapter had taken place, there was seated in the front chamber of a small cottage in the village of Twickenham in Surrey an elderly gentleman, who was about five feet one inch high, and weighed about seven stone six ounces at the most. He was not a dwarf, and there was nothing disproportionate in his head or limbs; but he was small everywhere alike.

If it had not been for his wrinkled features and hands, he might have been taken for a boy. Indeed, he very much resembled a boy who had become prematurely aged, with a disposition to bow legs from infancy.

He was seated in an old high-backed oak chair, black with extreme age. He was smoking a pipe about half as long as himself, and though in the house and seated, he had on a broad-brimmed, tall, white, shiny beaver hat, which had appeared to be there for a much longer and more important person. On his body he wore a blue cloth jacket which had seen some hard weather—nay, a good deal of it—and a striped waistcoat, which terminated just below his hips. His little trots of legs were deposited, it seemed for safe keeping, in a pair of buckskin leather smalls and a pair of brown topboots.

In short, he was a postboy—an old and short postboy—and he was dividing his time between his pipe, a mug of beer and a lecture to a strikingly handsome boy about thirteen years of age, who did not seem to accept with favor the exordiums with which he was being entertained.

"You're a saucy lad, Master Leo," he said, after he had quaffed a portion of the contents of the mug and removed the moisture from his lips with a brush of his cuff; "a saucy impudent, saucy boy, as' a deal too fast! A masterful, saucy, part young waggonboard! You treats me as you can; if I was your father I'd give you a lamming as to the tendering stables you'd order. You pays no respect to age. Do you know my age?"

"No," answered the boy, shortly.

"Nick Hazeldine says he thinks you and Methuselah was fooled together."

The postilion, who was about to repeat his dose of beer as before, paused, and gazed in questionable silence for a moment at the portrait of the boy, and shagged his head twice or thrice, as if his throat were too full for words. At length he broke out:

"Does he? Well, when I gets strong-side of Nick Hazeldine I'll give him a Methusalem to suck in baths, weight for age, and you, too, if I had my whipcord handy now, you saucy young wiper you! You hadn't no respect for nobody, you hadn't. It's a true thing, certingly; for you to tell me to my teeth that you could win in a two-mile handicap from such a old smoke-dried, pug-headed, bow-shinned 'yung-ostrich as me. That's pretty language to hold to your grandfather!"

"You ain't my grandfather!" said the boy, sternly.

"Well, no, not exactship," returned the old man; "no, it don't seem likely for you as I has't, for when you seen it fitted to call me a pug-headed 'yung-ostrich."

"Well, you called me a bandy-legged apple pie, and said I was obliged to you for it," said the pigeon to pound the wind thereby," continued the boy, not interrupted the boy, definitely, "I don't do the high-bred, diddle-diddle as a beautiful that you do. I was put a three-year-old through a twist with Sir Oliver, and I could walk home ten lengths ahead of you in a handicap match, no matter what you rode."

"Why, you impudentin', boorhaboo cub, you, I'll tell your mother——"

"She ain't my mother!" again interrupted the boy, insolently.

"No, 'cos she's my daughter, as' she wouldn't and couldn't have such a wholy as you, you nagging, cheeky, saucy monkey!" spat the old man, rising to his feet in a rage.

"Don't you call me a wholy!" exclaimed the boy, in the same defiant tone, "or I'll bowl that Dutch shoon between your pins and floor you."

The old man, utterly demoralized and exasperated by this threat, scuffled to the fireplace, whereon there were several whips of all sizes and conditions hanging up, and the boy, as if resolved to fulfil his menace, caught up the half of a Dutch shoon which was on a dish on the dresser, and on which the old man had been regaling himself before he took to his pipe, when a footstep descended the stairs quickly, and a knock was heard at the cottage door almost simultaneously.

This put an end to the incipient conflict, for the descending footsteps was made by a young woman not yet thirty, whose face, however, betrayed the lines of care rather deeply intended in the corners of the eyes and lips. She raised her finger, and cried, "Hush!" reprovingly, as the door was opened rather roughly by the hand of one without, who seemed to entertain a notion that he had the right to enter such a humble dwelling when he pleased.

As the door was flung back, two persons were seen standing on the flagstones without, and one of them, looking into the cottage with an inquiring gaze, said:

"Does old Tate Lavender live here?"

"That's me!" exclaimed the old postilion, swinging round, and letting the whip, he had caught up drop back into its place in the fireplace.

He was as red in the face as a turkey cock's gills, and his mouth was full of excessively bad language, but he mastered his angry feelings, and upturned his wrinkled face with an obsequious smile.

"What's sloop of your pleasure with old Tate, gel'man?" he asked, affably.

"I want you to post me over to Molesey as speedily as possible," returned the speaker.

"The landlord of the Flying Wonder promised to have the horses put to while I looked you up."

"Right you are, sir," answered old Tate, opening his mouth from ear to ear, and betraying more gums than teeth. "If you'll go back to the Wonder, I'll be over there in two tows."

The gentleman turned away, and the party retired into their cottage through the garden gate; but ere they had advanced a dozen paces, the one who had spoken felt a touch on his arm.

He turned sharply, and beheld the woman of the cottage at his elbow. She was impressible in features with an anxious, searching expression in her eyes.

"Your pardon, sir," she said, in an agitated voice, "I never forget those I know you."

There was, perhaps, nothing so very wonderful in this if she had ever seen him before, for he had a remarkable countenance; but the look of the woman was decidedly that of recognition.

"Indeed, madam," he said, in a quick, bright, keen gentleman's voice, drawn in his dark eyes, but for the very remarkable and not ordinary hue of his complexion. It had something of the amber tan of a West Indian's, but it was not so natural. It was rather as if a severe attack of jaundice had followed an explosion of gunpowder.

It was a blue drab, and wanted but little to make it awful. As it was, it was sufficiently unpleasing to create at first sight a feeling of repugnance, which was only counteracted by an exceedingly well bred air and a gentle manner of address.

He looked at her sharply as she uttered the last remark, and an expression stole over his face as though he remembered having seen her somewhere before, though he could not recall where.

"I am Mary Lavender," she said, hesitatingly.

With a gesture of her hand she indicated him to return to the cottage, and without a word she pointed to the boy, who was standing with an erect bearing facing old Tate, as if he had a conviction that the moment the unexpected visitors had gone there would be an active engagement between himself and the aged postilion.

The gentleman's eyes glittered as he looked on the boy; but there was no joy in the look. It was rather a kind of savage exultation which animated his startled features.

The lad was of a slight, slim, lithe form, as though he were in constant training for some physical feat where endurance was required. His face was pallid, having a pale brown ivory tinge; its features were regular, especially a straight Grecian nose, small, pretty nostrils, and pouty for a boy. But all his features were eclipsed by his eyes, which were large, intense, and of the darkest shade of brown.

As he looked at old Tate, his finely-chiseled nostrils dilated, and his small, pulpy lips compressed, the gentleman held his breath, and his face became a more decided ashen gray than before. But he only set his teeth hard together for a moment, and then, turning away, he said, with an assumed cold indifference:

"I remember the name of Lavender. Follow me to the Flying Wonder, and bring that boy with you."

The woman drew a deep breath as his shadow left the doorway, and muttered:

"So, my spake in the wheel is coming to the head. She thought she had completely tricked me, and that I should never find out what had become of her; but a shred of thistledown is enough to show which way the wind is blowing. She'd better have made a friend than an enemy of Lucifer Lavender."

She threw on a bonnet and an old plaid shawl, tossed a dark green cloth cap, fashioned like a jockey's, to the boy, and said, in a tone which he knew it to be useless to dispute:

"Come along with me, Leo. You, father, wait here till I come back. The gentleman won't want you till I have done with him."

When Mary Lavender presented herself at the hotel she was ushered into a private room, in which the gentleman was expecting her, and where, with a deep, grave, stately air, he was pacing up and down.

As soon as she appeared he closed the door and pointed to a chair, into which she mechanically glided. Then he took the boy abruptly by the arm, led him to the window, and looked earnestly, keenly, into his face.

The boy returned the look, but evidently with much less preponderation, for, as he saw that the gentleman, with a burst of, to him, incomprehensible emotion, was about to put his arm about him and imprint a kiss on his cheek, he broke away from him, and with an angered, resentful look, cried:

"Don't you do that! I'm no girl! I hate to be kissed by anybody—not even by mother there—and I don't like your cut a bit!"

The gentleman started as if he had been bitten by a viper, and with a protestation of feeling pushed him away from him.

"Here—here—blood and brain!" he ejaculated, passing for an instant his hand over his eyes, and adding under his breath to himself, "I have sworn to wrench her from my heart, to have no mercy upon her, to torture her, if ever I came across her again, and I will—I will. Through him, too, for she must have one vulnerable point in her selfish heart, and I will reach it and break it."

He turned once more to the boy, and said, sternly:

"I see you are a stable lad in a racing stud — precocious and insolent as the rest of your class; but, understand, I have a power over you far superior to any you have yet known, and you will have to do as I bid you."

"If it suits me!" answered the boy, easily.

"It will be made to do that, never fear, whether you like it or not. Stand there, sir, by the window, and be silent and motionless until I speak to you again."

The boy looked up at him, and it was done, by the expression in his eloquent eyes, that his whole racing career all kinds of ground that would afford him some explanation of this strange gentleman's behavior, but as the gentleman turned with an offended look abruptly from him, he felt an inward, though incomprehensible, compulsion to obey him; but he calmly whistled an air in vogue among the jockeys, and beating out of the window, he leaned with his elbows on the sill, looking out for some one beneath the window to hold a lively conversation with.

The gentleman regarded him for a few minutes thoughtfully, and in silence. Then a deep sigh broke from him, and he directed his gaze on the woman. After he had scrutinized her features, he said:

"I remember that a lady with whom I was acquainted some years back had a maid whom she called Lavender."

"Sweet Lavender," ejaculated the woman, with a curling lip.

"Aye, Sweet Lavender. Are you she?"

"I am."

"Her name I believe, was Talbot."

Lavender laughed scornfully.

"You believe! You have good cause, I think, to know it," she returned.

His grand assurance left her then.

"What is my name?" he asked, abruptly.

"What it may be now I cannot say," she returned, in a mocking tone. "It was years ago Mr. Vivian Templemore."

Again he looked at her questioningly; and after a brief pause, he proceeded.

"I go back to those days, but I do not recall one event in which you took part. I do not fancy that I ever saw you, although I heard of you."

"Frequently?"

"And frequently."

"I know you well enough—now you often enough."

"When? Where?"

"At times when there were clandestine meetings, when it was never dreamed that I or any one interested—at least in her—were near. But, mostly, I saw your face to remember it by a photograph set in a locket; worn at one time concealed in the bosom of a dress, afterwards carelessly on a table, or lying loose in a drawer, when there was another of a fair young man with a straw-colored moustache to take its place."

A growl of rage and hate burst from his lips, and he passed the room like a chafing tiger.

Soon he paused abruptly.

"What knew you about me and her?" he asked.

"Much."

"Of the relations that subsisted between us?"

"Only what I suspected."

"And that——"

"That there had been a secret marriage between you."

"And a child born——"

"I did not know that. I found that out by an extraordinary coincidence afterwards. But, then, what is to be will be!"

"When did you leave her, and why?"

"I did not leave her—she left me. She sent me into a country, and then she disappeared from England; eloped with the straw-colored moustache."

"Stay a moment—not so fast. When did you see her last?"

"A day or two after a very strange circumstance happened."

"Connected with me?"

"I don't know. She had been very pensive all one day, appearing a letter. It came. I gave it to her. She went out from the room, but I watched her through the keyhole. She became wild with excitement as she read it. When night came on she went out alone, closely muffled up. I followed her to a house, which she entered."

"In Simmonds Inn?"

"Yes; that was the place."

"You saw her come forth again. How?"

"Whiter than a winding sheet, with eyes starting out of her head. She ran through by-streets like a scared rabbit. All night, after she went to bed, she lay like one dead; but she rose up again next day like a spectre from the grave. Then she laid a plan by which she got me down to the country. After that she disappeared, as I have told you, and I was dismissed."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"No; but I heard she was married to a man who was very rich, and they were living abroad."

"Under what name?"

"I did not learn that. It was a fellow servant of mine who came across her in some out-of-the-way place in Italy. But I believe I knew what it is if she has not changed it again."

"How do you know it?"

"Easy enough. In the residence which followed the sleeping draught she took she was always in looking up her arrears. I found the letter which so agitated her, and which spoke of her marriage with the fair man with the straw moustache, and he signed it with his name."

"Have you got that letter?" he demanded, with great eagerness.

"I have," she answered, suppressing her eyes, and giving a hard expression to her face. "I knew it would come in handy one of these days."

"I must have it."

"Perhaps. I do not part with it to be tossed off again like an old shoe. It will be as useful to me as to you if, as I fancy, you married her first, and that boy is yours."

"I must have that letter; but you will be too useful to me to part with until I have fulfilled the task I have set myself. And when that is done I will settle upon you a competency for life."

"You have been a long time making a sign. Heaven knows I have kept a sharp look out for you, but all my hunting was in vain, and you suddenly dropped on me like a stone from the sky."

"For three years I lay oscillating between life and death, and as yet I am not recovered from a tremendous attack of blood poisoning; but I shall recover all my strength, and——. That, however, for the future. How did you get hold of that boy at the window?"

She lowered her voice.

"After my return to London, and I had got another situation—it might have been two years or more—an aunt of mine named Trollope was taken ill. She sent for me. I found her on her death-bed. She showed me the boy, and told me that she had had him left on her hands for a couple of years, and could not find out what had become of his father, whose name was Templemore. I recognized his face as being like Leo's, and I remembered the name. When my aunt died, she left me a small sum, so I came back to live at home, and I brought him with me. I was quite sure that something would turn up about him one of these days that would bring me luck and revenge."

"Your prophesy will prove correct. But that letter. I must have it."

"I will not part with it yet awhile."

"Let me see it."

"You must come back to the cottage."

Lead on. Don't lose a moment, for I have important business on hand."

Mary Lavender called to Leo to accompany her back to the cottage, and with a light, saucy laugh, but with a mere touch of his finger to the peak of his cap, he leaped out of the room and rounded the cottage first.

It took Mary Lavender but a few minutes to obtain the letter she had spoken of, and to place it in Templemore's hands for perusal. He had no sooner seen the name signed at the bottom than he started, and cried, excitedly—

"It is he! It must be! I knew the brainless idiot well. And they are in my power again—within my very grasp!"

He turned to Mary Lavender, and gave her back the letter.

"Preserve it as you would your life. Woman, this prize of ours is within call. Let that boy, keep him—as he is. Not better—worse. Yes, worse. Kick him through life. Make him a whelp, a dog, a gallow's bird. Here is a hand ready as an earnest of my favor. Be true to me, and I'll make your fortune. Heavens! that revenge should be so near to me, and at such a time. You shall hear from me within a week."

He turned, and hastened away from the cottage, bidding old Tate to follow him instantly.

The old man, encased in a long dark coat, ornamented with huge pearl buttons, took up a postilion's whip, and notched his lash, white, shining beaver with the inner lining of green lining, saying "shoddy" over his left ear and below his right eyebrow. Assuming an air of importance, he gathered his reins up from the path, and as he vaulted the gate he gave a loud crack of the thong in the region of his nameless wife's head, and he now it borne with swift impetus a dozen yards before him in close company with a large spot of grass and mould.

He managed to effect a convulsion of rage to see the boy Leo dancing about in a frantic Fiddlestigbbot, and with delight, and screeching with laughter.

As a consequence of profane observations consequent upon this, a pea from his lips lodged his daughter, Mary Lavender's, shoulder, and a shot from a gentleman's riding whip.

He swore at the boy, going round to her, and gave at her with an expression on his old man's mouth, yellow brown hair bristled straight out as if electrified.

He heard him scream out like a wildcat, as he cried—

"Do that again, and I'll murder you!"

Cold to the finger tips, vibrating about the nape of the neck, and feeling an impulse to scream, he gave a "drop o' rum," and the old man recovered his giant but end treated away, muttering—

"Lord! Lord! That boy will come to a bad end!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOUBLE SECRET.

Within a spacious sitting room of a great hotel in the West-end of London, engaged, in a huge leather easy chair, a gentleman.

The room was very richly furnished, indicating that he was a guest of means, or he occupied a suit of the handsomest apartments in the place; for the pictures, and the gilding, and the carpets, and the curtains, and the chairs, and the tables, and the sofas, and the mirrors, and the chandeliers, and the lamps, and the ornaments, and the fire fixed with splendid ormolu, and the mantelpiece more than a quarter of a mile distant by a belt of [illegible]

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

(CHAPTER XXVI [CONTINUED].)

It was not far from the hour of noon; and it so chanced that Pat, having nothing better to do, had just come home to get his dinner. The officer, leaving Stanhope and the Jew in the carriage, knocked at the door, and Pat himself opened it, looking as innocent as it was in the nature of things for so mean a little man to look. He recognized the officer with a smile; for the presence of one of his professionals, so far from giving him the least alarm, excited some brilliant anticipations of a clever undertaking, in which he himself might probably figure as the "dread constable of the law."

"The top of the morning to ye, Mister Barlow, if it's not too late for that same," he said. "And sure it's taking a ride ye is, in style, just," he added, glancing at the carriage.

"Yes; and a fine day for a ride it is, Mr. Cafferty," replied Barlow. "I would like you to come with me."

"Arrah, now! and it's mesilf as was thinking that same, so I was. It's wanting me services ye is, Misther Barlow?"

And he winked knowingly.

"Exactly so."

"It's me dinner time, so it is; but it's mesilf as'll not mind that now. I'll git me hat, jist; and lave the owld woman and children to spile the praties, as I will."

He hastened for his hat; and the next minute entered the carriage, followed by Officer Barlow.

"Agh!" said Pat, as his eye fell on the Jew peddler; "so it's yerself, is it, that's the thief now? Och! sure and wasn't it knowing, I was, ye'd come to this at last, ye ragabond!"

"You talk more Irish nah me!" replied the peddler, indignantly.

"Shut up, ye ye spalpeen!" cried Pat, savagely. "Sure and it's down below ye'll be afther going, for ye instoite to mesilf, the dread constable of the law, whilst acting me duthy to me country, as ye will!"

"Stop!" said Barlow; "I will have no quarreling here. We shall soon see who is the thief."

Pat Cafferty leaned proudly back on his seat, and looked triumphantly at the peddler, as much as to say:

"I'll no hear that now, ye spalpeen!"

Arrived at the magistrate's office, the whole party entered the little room together, Pat Cafferty evidently exciting much importance.

"Good day to your honor," he said, noting what he considered a very dignified bow.

"Good day, Patrick," replied the alderman. "And then immediately added: "This is a very serious charge against you, sir."

Pat turned pale, and looked inquiringly at Barlow.

"You are under arrest," said that officer; "and here is the warrant for your apprehension."

"I am arrested," perused the magistrate, "of feloniously taking those jewels from the house of Walter Clendenan."

And he displayed to the astonished gaze of Pat Cafferty the necklace of jewels.

"And sure, your honor, who accuses mesilf of that same?" faltered Pat, beginning to grow wonth alarmed.

"This man Stanhope," Mr. Barlow, has made oath that this watch, with much other valuable property, was feloniously taken in the night from the house of the person named, and Mr. James Scott, a peddler, has also made oath that he purchased it from you some three weeks ago."

"He's a Jew, your honor, and a dapter, an he is," rejoined Pat, with a half resolve to brave it out.

"That may be," said the alderman, "but his testimony is good for the present; and, in the meantime, I must hold you to answer to the charge."

"Will your honor permit me to say a few words to Mr. Cafferty?" now inquired Stanhope.

"Certainly, sir; certainly."

"Mr. Cafferty," said the physician, addressing the constable, "I do not know whether you are guilty are not, but one thing is certain, those valuable jewels were feloniously taken from the house of Mr. Clendenan, as his honor has informed you; and I will add, what his honor has not told you, that a little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, who was living with the family at the time, has ever since been missing, and it is supposed she has been murdered, and as those jewels may lead to the detection of a burglar, if not a homicide, and clue to the clearing up of a horrible mystery, you see how important it is that we should trace them to the hand which took them. Now, if you, which is not unreasonable to suppose, received them from some person, not knowing them to be stolen property, you will probably clear yourself, and further the ends of justice by stating from whom you got them. We do not desire to implicate you in the matter, but simply to find the author with whom you dealt; for it involves the fate of a family who has been afflicted by the most terrible bereavement. Will you, then, tell us from whom you received them?"

"Shan Norbey," answered Stanhope.

"Dead! Dead days only before I entered upon those bonds which you so often, playfully assert to me being stronger than steel and—"

"Faithless!" interrupted Pat.

He held up the photograph, which this time was the face of a man, before her eyes.

"Do you know it?" he interrogated, sternly.

A look of wonder escaped from her, and she looked a question of him.

He started, and drew nearer to her.

"You do know it, do you not?" he cried, roughly.

For a moment she seemed puzzled, and her countenance changed to an ashen gray.

But her bright dark eyes ran rapidly over his features.

What did he know of it? What? How much? What could he know? It was a tremendous effort to recover her self-possession; but she made it, and to a degree succeeded.

"You will not discern it, surely," he said, with a derisive curl of his lip. "Why, I have seen you bow over it, heard you apostrophize it in your love hours, and press your faithful lips to it."

"Never!" she exclaimed, with a burst of anger.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My eyes were not catsthful to me," he coldly said. "I saw you do it. Do you deny him?"

He again held the photograph so that the features were but few distinctly visible to her, and for the moment he thought she would fall forward upon her face stark and dead.

Then, his lips raised so as to show his upper row of teeth, and with a forced laugh, he added:

"This, I presume, is your second?"

She drew a long, deep breath. Slowly her face began to resume life, and in voice which thrilled him from the crown of his head to his heels, she answered:

"It is my second!"

He turned from her and walked to the window. She looked up at the sky for an instant, then he returned to her, and said, in his previous tone of mockery:

"It is my turn now. I have inquisitorial gay stuff's been upon my memory. Shall I search him out, bring him out, hang him down, and when fast to fate—"

"Hold!" she cried, in a voice which at once silenced him; and then, in a tone which curdled his blood, and cut off a compartment he drew a photograph, and gazed at it.

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, and therein it up with a singularly sweet, though slightly pensive gaze.

"Wonderfully like her!" he muttered, as he gazed steadfastly, but with humid eyes, upon it. "And how gently pants your girl! I wonder one starts not from the verdict was. I must say, too—Will great generosity make you forget the little song as to conjugal ties? Ha! Have I your gentleman for doctor, and by this photograph?"

He compressed from his fingers in his contempt with the gentleness and suddenness of lightning.

It had been snatched from him. He leaped to his feet, and, with an oath, struck at her head; but caught in time his hand, and, with a fiendish laugh, dashed it down upon the floor. There was a tremendous crash, and the broken fragments of earlier of the shattered frame, and whose brilliant dark eyes sparkled with more than an usual fiery intensity.

"There was a tenderness, deeper than its promise, in her voice never before heard. It would have troubled some natures to have seen; but its fine and love born power was recognized, and his own depraved and grinning face changed in the light. He thrashed his white teeth, and, with his hand, he demanded, in a peremptory tone:

"Leo, give me back that photograph!"

Her face trembled violently, and set her teeth resolutely.

"No," she promptly responded, with slow deliberation. "No, I shall not part with it. I have long cherished him. I have watched over him, and—"

"Give it me back!" he repeated, peremptorily. "Give it me—now!"

"You will do nothing. In this 'it' she commanded, with a laugh that chilled him.

He shrank from her. The blow had struck home, though the heart is not clay.

She removed her burning eyes from his as he slowly vanished, and looked down on the photograph.

A tender, tearful, and yet a voyage smile suffed her lips.

"Ah," she murmured, "young, fair, lovely, and with the affected simple these thanks from position so much. The virtue is a good one. I shall not forget my trust in them. Cannot search her out. It is right we should know every crime, and that she should bear a truth it is needful for her to know, however unwelcome."

"You may spare your labors," he spoke, aloud, guttorally and grimly.

"Ha! Thanks! But I will not! I will teach her—beat her down, and when I have brought her—when I stand face to face with her—"

"Woman, you never will!" he interrupted, with a mad stamp of his foot.

He waved her hand impatiently.

"If you cannot—you are not precious to me!" she retorted, her features growing rigid and her countenance more deathly.

"Woman, you never never! never!" he fiercely shrieked.

He glared on him with increasing fire amazement at first, then she made again an important gesture with her hand.

"You do not know what I can do when I will to do it," she coldly said. "I have searched your secret. Do you fancy I will let it slip through my fingers now? Fathom and counsel?"

"Hold!" he cried, in a startling voice. "I am up to your game, and will not be tardy. I can have you—you—"

"Dead! Dead days only before I entered upon those bonds which you so often, playfully assert to me being stronger than steel and—"

"Faithless!" interrupted Pat.

He held up the photograph, which this time was that

"Ooh! sure, and she's the tief herself, jist!" cried Pat, thrown off his guard.

"Impossible!" said Stanhope.

"Tooth and nail it's there, now, so it is!"

"How do you know?"

"Agh! and wasn't it meself so anxious the likes of her, I'm asking? and didn't I tak her down below, now?"

"Is she alive, and in prison?" cried Stanhope, breathless with excitement.

"Sure, and she is that same."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the other, fervently: "at last the poor child is found!"

"Then I suppose you received the necklace from the child in question?" said the alderman addressing the constable.

Pat, seeing himself caught on his own confession, turned all sorts of colors —or rather, all shades of one color—and after looking as much meaner than Pat Cafferty in general, as Pat Cafferty in general looked meaner than an honest man, he stammered:

"Sure, your honor—she—she gave it to meself—to let her go, jist."

"Which you were too conscientious to do?"

"Yis, your honor—that's it, your honor."

"But you were not too conscientious to receive the property, believing it to be stolen, and dispose of it for your own benefit?" pursued the magistrate, sternly. "Patrick Cafferty, this is a shameful business, and you are a disgrace to your office! I shall hold you in two thousand dollars bail, to answer at court."

"Is it possible, your honor, for me to get this child out of prison at once?" inquired the young physician, anxiously.

"What was the charge against her, Patrick?" demanded the alderman of the constable.

"She was put down for a vagrant, jist, I'm t'inking," answered Pat, dolefully.

"It will be an easy matter, then, to get her released," said the magistrate to Stanhope; and he was about to give him instructions how to proceed, when Mr. Sheldon entered the office.

"Ah! Mr. Sheldon," cried the doctor, joyfully, "you are the very man I want to see."

"Allow me to return the compliment," said Sheldon, with a quiet smile.

"At last I have news of Ellen Norbury."

"Indeed!"

"She is in the Moyamensing prison."

"I know it."

"You have heard, then?"

"I saw her yesterday."

"You did not tell me?"

"I meant to see you since, and I intended an agreeable surprise for you."

"How shall we get her out?"

"I have her discharge in my hand."

"Explain!"

"In visiting the prison, yesterday, I came across a sweet little creature; and you may judge of my surprise, on learning that she was the very one for whom we have been so anxiously searching! This morning, I waited upon the villain-ous alderman—who committed her for no other crime than poverty—and by paying him his extortions, have obtained her discharge. I am now on my way to see her free."

"Quick, then—let us go—I have a carriage at the door."

"In a moment."

Mr. Sheldon now addressed a few words to the alderman; who answered, "Certainly, certainly, sir!" and immediately wrote his signature to a paper which the other handed him.

"Now, then, Dr. Stanhope, I am at your service," said Sheldon; and both hurried from the office.

The Jew was required to find five hundred dollars bail, to appear against Cafferty, which he very readily procured, and went about his business. But the miserable constable was not so fortunate. He wrote to his best friend, alderman McGrabby, telling him how he was situated, and imploring him to come to his release. The alderman came, but not to his release; for on learning the whole particulars, he not only refused to enter the required security, but gave vent to his outraged feelings in a long strain of the most virtuous indignation—enough, in fact, to have lasted any ordinarily moral individual a lifetime.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Swiftly round turned the wheels of the carriage that bore the benevolent Marcus Sheldon and the eager Newton Stanhope to the rescue of the bitterly wronged and innocent little orphan.

"There is one thing that grieves me," said the doctor to his companion, as they rode along. "If this child is innocent, how came she to be arrested with the other prisoners in her possession?"

Sheldon smiled, as he replied:

"If you knew, my friend, how many dresses of officers are prowling about, seeking for victims to fleece, you would hardly be surprised to find so many innocents as guilty persons in their clutches. But rest easy concerning your little friend. I have heard her story; and it is enough for me to say, I would stake my life on her truth, purity and innocence."

Arrived at the prison, the great gates were thrown open, and the carriage slowly entered within the high, massive walls.

"Here are discharges for Ellen Norbury, Nabob Hunchy, and two others," said Mr. Sheldon to one of the prison officers, as he descended from the carriage, and handed several papers to a gentleman standing near. "This way, doctor," he continued; "I know you are anxious to behold the little prisoner."

They hurried from the building they were in across an open garden of beautiful flowers, and, entering the female department, soon stood beside the little orphan. She was seated outside her cell, on one of the long corridors, with some needlework in her hand, upon which, at her own request, she was employing her time, for the benefit of the kind matron who had charge of her. So busily was she engaged at work as she attended in the cell, that Sheldon, Stanhope and the matron drew close to her side before she perceived them. She looked up with a start, and the moment her eyes rested upon the pleasant features of Sheldon, she dropped her work, and sprung to her feet with an exclamation of joy. She looked pale and emaciated, but her face and hands were clean, her hair neatly arranged, and her dress was tidy.

"Ellen," said Mr. Sheldon, in a kind, gentle tone, taking her hand in his, "I have succeeded in doing what I said I would. You are now free, and this gentleman has come to take you to your friends, who are very anxious to see you."

"Oh, sir," faltered the little orphan, trembling all over with newly awakened joy and hope, "am I to go, and see dear Rosalind?"

"Yes, my dear child," replied Stanhope, quickly; "and you will find her eager to clasp you in her arms and to her heart."

Overcome with joy, little Ellen sunk down on her seat and burst into tears, and it was several minutes before she could recover sufficient composure to prepare for her departure.

"Good-bye, and God bless you," said the matron, with tears in her eyes, as she bestowed an affectionate parting kiss. "If you win all hearts as you have won mine, a happy future awaits you."

"Heaven bless you!" said Stanhope to Sheldon, as they separated at the carriage.

"I feel it does, sir, in every good act I perform," was the characteristic reply of one who still lives and still labors for the good of his fellow-beings.

Ellen leaned back in the carriage, as it whirled through the streets and rolled into the pavements, bearing her from a prison to a palace—from the dark abodes of crime and misery to the bright abodes of innocence and happiness. She sat as one in a trance—speechless, motionless, and pale as a lily. Was she in a dream! Would she awake to new sufferings—new horrors?

We pray, nevermore!

The carriage stopped in the court of Sir Walter's mansion. The door opened, and the beautiful face of Rosalind, like the beautiful face of some angel in a vision, appeared to the view of the rescued little orphan. There was a cry of joy—perhaps more than one—and little Ellen was in the arms of Rosalind—sweet Rosalind — Cousin Rosalind — and she was sobbing on her bosom, and their tears were flowing.

And the dream went on.

Hours passed—hours which seemed but minutes—and somehow the once poor, friendless, and persecuted little orphan found herself seated upon Sir Walter's knee, and relating her own and tale; and the knight was weeping; and Rosalind was weeping; and there were others weeping; and little Ellen was weeping—though she scarcely knew why, for she felt very, very happy. And all the tears were tears which brought more joy than sorrow to the sympathizing hearts who wept; and there was sunlight in the room.

And still the dream went on.

Days passed—days which seemed but different scenes in the same bright, beautiful dream—days which received little orphan, found herself seated upon Sir Walter's knee, and relating her own and tale; and the knight was weeping; and Rosalind was weeping; and there were others weeping; and little Ellen was weeping—though she scarcely knew why, for she felt very, very happy. And all the tears were tears which brought more joy than sorrow to the sympathizing hearts who wept; and there was sunlight in the room.

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THE STORY OF A DEW-DROP.

[illegible]

A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

[illegible]

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

BY [illegible] CHADWICK.

Some love a face of charming grace,
A fairy form of Angel-beauty;
But for my part give me the heart
Inspired by [illegible], love, and duty.
A homely look is like a book,
Plain outside, but within it
Are gems of thought by wisdom wrought,
A higher worth to win it.

Some love a face of marble grace,
No inner heart revealing,
No joy or grief, however brief,
Nor gush of warmer feeling.
The moonlight's glow o'er fields of snow
To some minds may be tender;
But give to me the sunlight free
That gilds the flowers with splendor.

Some love a face of smiling grace,
Bestowed on all at pleasure;
But love lies deep, and oft must weep,
Oh, win that sacred treasure.
While killing time, time steals our prime,
And strength we need in sorrow;
The darkest night is turned to light
When love shines on the morrow.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The sun shines brightly on the ship's deck where you sit, but the wind howls through the rigging with a voice shrill and cutting, as sometimes you have heard it over the window sash, or under the doors at home, only it comes now as if something were driving it on, or as if it were shot out of somewhere by some demoniac archer.

The sailors have taken down the yards from the foremast, all the canvass is closely secured, and every preparation is making for a storm.

The ship is pitching fearfully. One moment you are down in the trough of the sea where everything but the sky is shut out of sight—the next, poised on the crest of a wave, and seeing the sea spread out like a great plain from a hill top.

A flock of gulls has followed close beside you for a long, long time. They seem never to weary and never to be afraid. All day they have flown within [illegible]

MAY DAY.

BY REV. DR. DAGGER.

[illegible]

The Boudoir

[illegible]

BOYS.

BY LAURA.

[illegible]

The Three-Cornered Country.

BY IDA MAY.

A proud and thoughtless Princess, walking beside a brook, saw a water snake curled about one of the rushes that grew on its banks.

"Ugly creature!" cried the Princess; "I wonder why such things are made? They are neither beautiful nor useful."

"It is not ugly," said one of her maids, "but lovely; only notice how it looks at your Highness. One would think it knew what you said."

"Bah!" said the Princess; "it makes me ill. Send some one here to kill it."

So one of the maids went to find one of the pink pages, and one of the pink pages went after the Lord High Fiddlestick, and the Lord High Fiddlestick brought the shovel and tongs, and came out to kill it; but no sooner did the snake see him coming, than it left the rushes, and glided into the water. All the attendants, anxious to please the Princess, thanked him and came for the snake, and carried the rushes, and even went into the stream; but in vain; it was gone, and the Princess went on with her walk, and thought no more concerning it.

That night, however, when her maids had undressed her, and she had lain down, she saw something curled up on the foot of the bed, which, raising its head, showed her the water snake she was so anxious to have killed that day. The Princess was not a little terrified at seeing it there so strangely, and still more so when, on attempting to call for help, she found that she was unable to speak.

"You were very anxious to have my brains dashed out to-day," said the snake, "not because I would do you any harm, but because I was ugly, and you could not see me in any way. We will see, now, how your Highness will like to find yourself in a country where the inhabitants will think you as ugly and useless as you thought me."

Hardly had the snake spoken those words, when the Princess was lifted out of her bed, and found herself flying out of her window and through the dark at such a terrible rate that she fainted away, and when she came to her senses, she found herself in the strangest place imaginable. Everything was three-cornered, and had one sharp corner at top, and two corners at the bottom. The mountains all ran up to a sharp peak; the trees grew in a sharp peak at the top, and came down to the ground with two corners; the people were three-cornered, with no legs, and had three eyes, ears and noses crowded together in the sharp corner at the top of them, and they got over the ground by trundling themselves along on casters; and they, and everything about them, looked so droll, that the Princess began to laugh. Hearing that, all the three-cornered people stopped and listened attentively.

"What is that strange and disagreeable noise?" said they. "We never heard anything like that before."

The idea of people that had never heard any one laugh before, made the Princess laugh again; and on hearing the terrible noise again, some of the three-cornered ladies fainted away, while some of the ladder among them, spying the Princess, seized upon her, and dragged her in among them.

"Here is the strange animal that has just made that hideous noise," said one of them, holding the Princess tight by the ear.

All the three-cornered people instantly crowded about her.

"It has wool like our sheep," said another, pulling at her hair.

"Where are its corners?" asked two or three more, peering curiously around the Princess's clothing, she not being ahead of them; but she could not find any place to hide. Running in at the three-cornered gate of a three-cornered farm house, the three-cornered children playing there were frightened and screamed.

"Oh, mamma! oh, papa! come here quick. Here is such an ugly thing, with no corners and two legs!"

Out came a three-cornered papa, with a three-cornered mamma, with a three-cornered broomstick in his hand.

"Ough! get out! you horrid creature!" cried they, chasing the poor Princess out of the farmyard.

The Princess ran till she was ready to drop, when, seeing a mild-looking, three-cornered old gentleman reading a book, she ran up to him, meaning to ask him to help her; but no sooner did she call the gentleman's much sight of her than he jumped up bawling: "Here, Oldopod! here, Tripod! here, Dod! Come quick! come quick! Here is a splendid specimen of three-cornered creatures to put in my glass case of curiosities. I must have its portrait taken, to put in my book of curiosities, and then I will stuff it. Quick, Oldopod! where is the vat? it will get away!"

Horribly frightened at the notion of being stuffed and put in a glass case, away went the Princess, faster than ever, till, seeing a neat, three-cornered old woman spinning, she thought, "This old woman will not hurt me!" and, stopping, began to ask her for something to eat.

But the old lady, as soon as she had on her spectacles, cried out, "Goodness gracious! money and! I have lived all these long years, and seen ugly things enough, but I never did see anything quite so horrid as this. Get away, you ugly thing, or I will send you."

Almost broken-hearted, the Princess went on to a forest that she saw close by; but the trees, being three-cornered, gave no shade, and offered no place to hide her, so that she was forced to walk on.

Now she began to cry, and, wring her hands, thinking that she should surely die; and, as she wept, she saw, or thought she saw, the water snake looking at her.

"If I could only go home, I would never be so foolish and proud again," she said; and no sooner were the words spoken, than—whish! she was in her own palace again, just in time to be dressed by her maids for breakfast.

The Wolf and the Fox.

A FABLE.

A fox happened to live near a wolf, and being the weaker of the two, was most unwillingly compelled to obey his cruel neighbor.

"Reddkin," said the wolf to him one night, as they were prowling together in the wood, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you!"

"I know a farmyard," replied the fox, "where there are two young lambs; if you like we will go and fetch one."

They accordingly went, and the wolf waited on the edge of the wood while the fox crept slily into the yard and stole the lamb, which he brought to his companion, who immediately ate it up. He felt more outrageous than usual after the meal, and as his appetite was still unsated, he resolved to go himself to get the other. He was so awkward, however, that he aroused the mother of the lambs; she began to cry and bleat so piteously that the farmer's men came running to see what was the matter. On discovering the wolf, they beat him so unmercifully that he was scarcely able to make his escape.

"You deceived me," he cried, when, limping and howling, he rejoined the fox.

"You told me nothing about the farmer's men, and they have nearly killed me."

"Why are you such a glutton?" replied the fox.

"Reddkin," said the insatiable wolf, the next day, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you."

"I know a farmhouse," answered the fox, "where the mistress cooked some pancakes this evening. Let us go and get them."

They soon reached the house, and the fox crept around it, smelling and peeping, until he found out where the dish was placed. He took six pancakes out of it, and brought them to the wolf.

"There's something to eat," said he, and left him.

On the third day they were again out together, and the wolf, though he hobbled along in great pain, was as greedy as ever.

"Reddkin," said he, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you."

"I know a man," answered the fox, "who has lately slaughtered an ox. The salted meat is in a tub in the cellar; we can go there and get some."

"I will go with you," said the wolf; "but you must keep near me in case of danger."

"For my own sake, I will," replied the fox.

They soon reached the cellar; and the fox having shown his companion all the by-paths and the secret entrance, they began their repast. The wolf ate voraciously.

"I will be sometime before I've finished," thought he, as he looked at the quantity of meat before him; but the fox, though he liked his supper, glanced occasionally around him, and every now and then ran to the hole through which they had entered, to try if his body was getting too large to slip out conveniently.

"Dear Reddkin," said the wolf, "do not be so uneasy! Why do you jump in and out so?"

"I must watch that we be not surprised," answered the crafty one; "and you must take care not to eat too much!"

"I shall not leave until the tub is empty," said the wolf.

But the man heard the noise of the fox jumping in and out of the cellar, and at last came to see what was going on there. As soon as the fox perceived him, at one bound he was through the hole; the wolf tried to follow, but he had eaten so much that he stuck fast, and the farmer's cudgel presently laid him dead. The fox rejoined his family, and returned exceedingly that he was at length freed from the tyranny of the old glutton.

SIMON GIRTY,

THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

The next morning was a bright and glorious one. Mr. Malott had enjoyed a long, unbroken rest, and was still sleeping. His wife, too, when the delightful sunsets of her mind, and the jostling throng of happy hopes and memories was somewhat quieted, had snatched some hours for refreshing sleep.

—Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of The death of each day's life; sore labor's Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course.

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Mrs. Dorman and the children were not only up betimes, but had been told the wonderful story of the night before. The two little ones—who, by the by, were rapidly regaining their fleshiness—were in a twitter and hubbub of childish delight and excitement. Papa had come! Papa had come! They scarcely knew exactly what that meant, but it was some *thing* strange and wonderful.

Their mother now told them to hush-h-h and they could see the wonderful papa. He was very, very tired, and they must not wake him for the world. With finger on mouth and a merry twinkle in her eye, she led the festive procession.

The two children stood fixedly beside the great unknown. They gazed awe-stricken and with wide open eyes at his wan face and long, disordered locks and unkempt flowing beard. Little Nellie was actually frightened, and began to cry. Her mother was proceeding to hustle her out of the place, when all this noise awoke the mysterious stranger. His eyes at first had the same sad, wild look of fear. For a moment he seemed confused and bewildered at the group before him.

All at once his faded eyes kindled, and his attenuated face was fairly radiant, lit up with a holy joy. He yearningly stretched forth his arms, and with tears in his eyes and a fervent "thank God!" he embraced his wife. She pushed the children forward. His heart was too full for utterance. He folded them to his bosom with the utmost warmth and tenderness, the big tears rolling down his cheeks. It was a happy, rapturous hour! Let us draw the curtain on the scene.

It was marvelous to see the wondrous change produced on Mr. Malott by a night of sleep and a heart at ease. They were Nature's medicines, of greater potency than the whole pharmacopœia. His tomahawk wound was healing most favorably. His eye was bright and his voice strong. There was a color in his cheek; and soon, at some wise childish remark of little Dot's, he actually laughed heartily. Like Asgar in Collin's Fatal Dance, he "started back at the sound that he himself had made." It seemed for the moment a positive sin.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE HERMIT'S STORY—KATE MALOTT.

After a hearty breakfast—all partaking together—the children were sent out to play, and at least two hours were spent by the happy parents in a confidential chat. They had come from the time of their separation was reviewed; all on either side was explained to the minutest particular, and if the shed team at the sad story of his despair on hearing of his family's death; his forlorn, desolate life in the cave on the Big Yellow, and his long career of vengeance; as did he at her recital of her surprise, her many sorrows, her long wanderings and the late terrible scenes she had passed through.

We are only concerned in giving that part of his history with which our readers are, as yet, unacquainted. In Mrs. Malott's original account of the Indian attack on Capt. Reynold's boat and its capture of all on board she said in all, it was stated that her husband with an assistant, was in a stock boat in front; that he had first discovered the "blind" on shore, and shouted back to Reynolds a warning, and that the first she heard of him was his firing away at the savages until his boat drifted entirely out of sight. She had added that, although search had been made by her agents through all the Ohio tribes, she never could find trace of him; but hearing once from a trader that a boat with cattle had about that time been captured on the Ohio, and that two men defending it killed, she very much feared that was her husband.

In the Hermit's first interview with Brady in his cave, he had given as the reason for his revengeful life that his whole family had been barbarously murdered by Indians under Black-Hoof—that his wife had been tortured to death by fire, and all his dear children brained and scalped, and that he heard the story not only from a white man who witnessed the whole damnable atrocity, but that it had been confirmed by an Indian. That then his spirit was broken, his heart crazed, his heart turned to stone and he vowed to live only for revenge.

Mr. Malott's account now to his wife was, in brief, to the effect that when, in the year '79, her own Indians came with a rush on Captain Reynold's boat, he had

A Stay Holding.

Shortly after he had recovered, he fell in with an Indian chief who confessed to the stationed of the attack, named Catahecassa, or Black-hoof, the Shawnee chief, was the wretch who had so wantonly destroyed his family, and gave such a touching and harrowing description of the poor mother's pleadings and her cruel request tortures, that there was no further room for doubt.

He then determined to carry out his deadly resolves. Securing a rifle, and plenty of ammunition, he made off down the Scioto, traveled only by night, and finding a lonely, rocky and almost inaccessible glen near the chief Chillicothe trail, he commenced his vengeful career. He lived in that savage solitude nearly a year, subsisting on the game he killed and obtaining his ammunition from his victims.

Learning from a wounded Indian that Black-Hoof and his gang of murderers had moved farther East, he also changed his habitat, and squatted next on the trail which struck the Ohio at Mingo Bottom. Here he never could come on any trace of Black-Hoof, and that trail becoming diseased by the savages, he had most delighted in the cave on the Big Yellow trail, where Captain Brady had found him, and from which he was fortunately allured by the assurance that Black-Hoof, whom he had so long hunted in vain, was only a couple of hours ahead of him.

The only time he had opportunity to grapple the Shawnee, however, was when he had a few days before dropped down on him and, with Brady's assistance, had tumbled him over the cliff.

"And now you tell me, Kate," laughingly concluded Mr. Malott, "that Black-Hoof is in this very camp, severely bruised and battered from that terrible fall, and he's not such a bad Indian after all. Well, I certainly owe the old fellow an apology for the bad opinion and the deadly rancor I've so long entertained for him, and if he's still bad, as I'm bitterly I'll undoubtedly make him one."

"I fear, husband, that not only the Shawnee but all the rest in camp will hate you. You'll have to keep very close. May be Girty—"

"Hang that insolent wretch! I only wish I was out of his clutches and I'd feel more contented."

"Joseph, you wrong Girty, indeed you do. He has many and glaring faults, it is true, but many redeeming traits, too. I fear, had it not been for him last night, you would not be with me now. He has proved the kindest friend to me, Frankie and Dot, and has for years endeared me in my search for you and the children, besides—"

Mrs. Malott still hesitated. She had not yet told him one word of Kate, and Girty's love for her. She was the night before afraid of over-exciting him. That morning, however, she feared his curiosities, and got knew how indispensably necessary Girty was to the rescues of her child from the Indians.

"So you've told me, wife," he interrupted; "and I'm glad he's better than reported. I could forgive even that his being a cursed tory and a traitor."

"You must even forgive that, Joseph," smilingly responded Mrs. Malott. "You don't know how necessary he is to our future welfare."

"How? in what way, Kate? Explain!"

The time had come at last, and Mrs. Malott proceeded to tell him the whole story of Kate's discovery, of Girty's strange attachment for her, and how invaluable he might be in getting her away from the Shawnees.

The stunning surprise of Mr. Malott may well be imagined. Exceeding delight for the recovery of another child was mingled with the natural aversion he felt at any closer alliance with Girty. He had a rooted prejudice against the outlaw. He plished and pshawed and looked very much annoyed. "What you say, Catharine, voxes me greatly. I know Girty is a brave and a prominent leader, but he must be much better than I have he is before I'll consent to give him our Kate." Then brightening up, he laughingly continued: "Our Kate!—just listen to me! Last night I was a lone, desolate, wounded captive, without hope or even desire for life, and couldn't say our anything, and yet here I am saying down the law about a dear daughter whom, up to ten minutes ago, I thought dead. I'm sure I'm willing to leave this matter to you and to her; only let me once see the darling child again and I'll let the future take care of itself. But didn't you say that Girty once beat when not in liquor? I fear, love—"

"Hush-h-h, husband, here comes the very man himself, Frankie in one hand and Nell in the other. Now do be kind to him for my, for Kate's, for *all* our sakes."

Sure enough! In bumped slowly, Capt. Simon Girty, looking like anything but a candidate for early matrimony. His head all bruised and bandaged up; his buckskin garments soiled and rather dilapidated; one arm in a sling—altogether, he looked like the last of pea time or the breaking up of a hard winter.

He had, on a certain awkward and embarrassed air, which he essayed to conceal by laughs with the children and under an easy, off-handed boisterousness. He first cast a furtive, yearning glance at Mrs. Malott, to ascertain if she had told all. Approaching the couch, or spread, on which Malott was half reclining, he gave a quick start of surprise at the wonderful change for the better in his appearance—his bright eye, animated face and trim appearance; for the help that made it her first duty to cut and comb out her husband's long, tangled hair and beard. He looked a gentleman in presence of the Renegade. Mr. Malott was the first to speak. Extending his hand frankly to Girty, he said easily and unconcernedly:

"This is a great contrast to last night, Captain Girty. No wonder you look surprised. I thank you from my heart for your kindness to me and my long-lost wife and children."

"Ah, yes; no thanks, sir—don't deserve any," said Girty, with an air manifestly ill at ease, but with, also, a certain assumption of carelessness. "Duces take it, Malott, but you're awfully transmogrified. Who'd a thought ye the desperate fighter that's been bumping up ugly as for the last few days. We've been nearly whaled this time, I reckon. You must be a mastadonic Injun feeter, Malott. Our reddys jist love you."

"Boy rather I was, Captain," laughed Malott. "I feel most heartily ashamed of my late life—so bitter, so revengeful, so blood-thirsty—and to think, too, Girty, that it was all a huge mistake. I'll never draw bead on a human being again. I feel so repugnant that I could shake hands with every Indian I see camp and ask his pardon—and Black-Hoof first."

"Ha! ha! ha!" boisterously laughed Girty. "I told Black Hoof this morning that you had been saved from torture last night and were going with us. Ye-haw-a-hoo! you oughter seen the old sinner's face. He turned white as a sheet. He stripped to the buff and showed me his bullet and bruises; seemed right interested that you'd been let off so easy, and made motions as if he'd like to squeeze your throat."

"Better clear of him, I can tell you."

"On the contrary," gaily remarked Malott, "I'll call on him now with you. I told Kate here I owed him an apology and would make him one. From a spirit of utter despair I've been reduced to such a height of forgetfulness that I wouldn't resent even an insult to-day, much less from him. By by do you know, Captain, that I've been believing you dead? Will turn up yet? Indians don't generally kill boys unless they're specially provoked, and Kate says that the Chief who carried him off was a kind-hearted sort."

And on they talk ran on. Girty unwilling at least an hour with his wife, the children and making himself as pleasant and agreeable as he could, that Mr. Malott was astonished.

It is an old and shrewd way writers of romance, and the smart in the loved one through all their calculations.

Not one word was said by any of Kate Malott's relations to Girty, but the latter noted that on account of Mr. Malott's and his own wounds they were all to start where they were all day, and would start bright and early the next morning for Fort Hot-coiled Towers on Mad river, where their dear cousin Kate Kinney dwells. From there he thought he would give Frankie an and his town the go by for the present and go to Detroit. He didn't say that he would not come very nigh the Indians or the Hall' Moon, but that he did not, but he was thinking of spending and fighting anyway, and would be only too glad to take a few week's rest.

All preparations for the morning's departure having been made, they made no further comment, being content with any movement having Kate as an object.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE HERMIT CALLS ON HIS OLD FOE.

Girty had sent down to Mr. Malott the clothes stripped from him before the torture, as he had to now get dressed and ready to call on Black Hoof.

The invalid arose with some difficulty, and passed out, leaning on a stout hickory cane. His chief wound was on his shoulder, so that locomotion was not impeded, and, as it might prove a somewhat risky business, he took a knife and tomahawk along.

The two proceeded first to Girty's camp. He refused to get his people, however, he had a little whiskey left, and suggested that that would prove the best antidote wherewith to take the sensation out of the gloomy disposition's face.

As Girty passed among the armed servile group of savages glowering at them in the most scowling and ferocious manner. Several of his Shawnees even clambered to their hands as if anxious to get at Malott again, and a few carelessly sauntering gestures against both.

Of all this they took no notice whatever, but on hearing Girty's shrill, piercing call to that of Black Hoof, which was a short distance about, on the branches of a rippling little run.

On approaching the place, Girty must and, interviewed the body, train all about, explained to the terrible mistake under which Malott had so long labored and expressed and said that, wounded as he was, Mr. Malott had insisted on paying his respects to so great a chief, and to apologize, not only for believing that he was the murderer of his family, but for his late attack on him.

Black Hoof threw his horn, or "pocahunkin," as Lacey used to call it, in the air, and was very distrait to get up. He got upon his shaky legs, and, bobbed about on one foot, snorted out his wrath, and, for awhile, utterly refused to be comforted. It required all Girty's art to smooth him down. Finally, amid a sputtering roll of gruntings and grumblings, the chief sat sullkily down and offered to hear what the "ale-cutter" had to say, but would have been much better pleased to be spitted on the spindle.

Girty stepped out and beckoned Mr. Malott to come on, which he did with a pleasant and unembarrassed air, saying as he held out his hand:

"Captain, you are a great Shawnee chief. The pale face is *remus* to show him honor."

Black Hoof deigned to give him one vicious grunt, as he appreciated, refused the offered hand, and gave a short grunt of supreme disgust.

"Ugh!" he said, "he one that throw me over the rocks. Dat man had long shaggy hair all over head and face like a buffalo; had eyes that looked like panthers, and he spit like wild cat—hit all through and all over mad."

"Oh, yes; I'm the same one," blandly answered Malott; "but have found with and chief, and am not so wild and ugly as I was. If it had not been for Brady, chief, I'm afraid I would have been the one to go over the cliff. Catahecassa is a mighty chief—strong as the bison, and as full of courage as one who knows not what fear is. I like him."

"Ugh! yes, dat so; first part; last part, heap lie," grunted out Black Hoof, looking an unlikely complaisance as did the man in the play under a similar circumstance, when he made the immortal remark: "You did well to disguise your love, but why did you hink me down stairs." "If yez like Catahecassa, why you do so?" "Come! I shaw you," said he was proceeding to unscrew his wonderful hurts and bruises when Malott stopped him:

"Oh, no, Black Hoof. I know; but that was when I was crazy, and believed you had killed my wife and children. I'm have now to tell you how sorry——"

"Catahecassa heaps chief," interrupted the Indian. "He only fight men—no squaw and no papoose. What make you talk many tongues, eh? tell me dat?"

"Why, chief, when the 'long haired' steal your women, burn your towns and kill your children, you must expect that you don't you become very angry and kill and scalp all you can! But cannot into my no more. I'm very sorry. Here some strong 'fire-water' to cheer all the hearts of your eyes, and to make us busy the hatchet."

Black Hoof was specially fond of the ardent. His manner changed on the instant. His horn was produced. A gluttonous draught was taken, and the tomahawk-like face, and he stretched forth his hand eagerly, took the gourd, and drank it to the bottom.

"Ugh! Dat talks heap of heart out of my body. If you sorry you throw me over, I sorry, too. Get any more?"

"Only enough for one little drink," said Malott and Girty sat down and chatted and sociably with the grim old Shawnee

[illegible]

THE BLUEBIRD.

[illegible]

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or,

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A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.
Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHANGE IN CELIA'S FORTUNES.

The inquiries made by Nelson Chaswick of the Wiltons relative to their guest, Adaline De Graffe, resulted only in this: She had left the city for New York. Whither she had gone, there, they either did not know or did not wish [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XX.

FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

[illegible]

a solemn air of truthfulness. "All is as I have said. But if I were to relent, and after awhile bring you your child, do you think there could be any room in your bosom for affection for the restored one? Has not Nelson Chaswick received it all?"

A mocking sneer and an inscrutable expression of [illegible] accompanied the question.

"Nelson Chaswick is very dear to me as a friend," replied Mrs. Chaswick, with outward calmness, but with a secret thrill, she knew not why.

"Ah! a very dear friend, indeed! Suppose, Agatha Chaswick," said Adaline, with a searching glance at the face of her hearer, as if she watched for the effect of her words upon it, "suppose that you had a son like this young man."

"Oh, Adaline!" gasped Mrs. Chaswick.

"What?"

"Why do you say that?"

"It occurred to me. But why need you become agitated?"

"Such a wild, wild thought sometimes enters my mind when I think of Nelson Chaswick."

"What is that thought?"

"That he is my son."

Adaline laughed her cold, short laugh. "How preposterous!" she said.

"Yes, it is impossible, of course. Yet I feel that if he were always to be with me, my yearning for my lost child would cease."

"And that child so near you, too—in this very city?"

"I know not the explanation of the feelings I sometimes have. Bring me my child, Adaline, that I may look upon her face. Soften your heart for a little while, even if you are more unmerciful afterwards."

"Perhaps I shall, perhaps I shall," she murmured in reply, though much as if to herself. "But I must leave you now; my coachman will be tired of waiting."

"Promise me before you go that you will let me see my child. Oh, Adaline, think how I have suffered all these weary years without hope."

"And what reason have you to complain of that? Have you not deserved it?" she demanded with a return of her old and fierce malevolence.

"I did you wrong, Adaline, I acknowledge; but if penitence and remorse are any expiation, then surely I deserve your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness! it is a hard word for me to use toward you, yet I may come to it—I may come to it."

Her manner gave Mrs. Chaswick slight hope.

"Oh, Adaline, say that you can forgive me—say that——"

She was interrupted by a fierce, impatient gesture of disdain, and the words:

"Don't cringe to me, don't plead and expostulate—it makes me hate you the more."

Mrs. Chaswick looked at her in a shocked and pitying way.

"And don't pity me," added Adaline; "I hate pity—your pity; I would rather you would hate me."

"I cannot do that, Adaline."

"You cannot! You are such a superior, angelic being, I suppose—you, a [illegible]!"

Mrs. Chaswick could have shrieked with horror at the dreadful accusation.

"I had better go," said Adaline, in her cold, pitiless way; "I am carried away by my hatred of you. Good-bye; you shall hear from me again." And with these words she left the room and the house.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE PAWNBROKER'S AGAIN.

It was not long after Celia Burke's fortunate induction into the household of Mrs. Chaswick before the liberality of her benefactress put her in possession of means sufficient to permit her to think of redeeming the pawned ring. Accordingly she soon found herself again at the shop of the pawnbroker.

In a day more the time for the redemption of the jewel would have expired, and its forfeiture would have followed.

Producing her ticket, Celia, with a glad countenance, asked for the ring.

The same crafty-eyed man whom she had seen before, met her at the counter. His sinister features assumed an expression of self-deprecation, as to Celia's painful surprise he said:

"Very sorry, miss, but I haven't the ring on hand. I was calculating you wouldn't be back for it."

"Oh, I am not to lose it, I hope?" trembled she. "I have the money here for its redemption; to whom did you sell it?"

"I did not sell it," replied the pawnbroker. "But a gentleman saw it, and it took his fancy; he asked me if I wouldn't let him wear it awhile, provided he gave security for its return. So I parted with it."

"But he agreed to return it, you say? Oh, I am so anxious about it. You should not have let it go from your possession."

"I suppose not," said the man, pretending to be quite disturbed in consequence of his unwarranted action in loaning the ring. "But I'll make it all right with you, miss; I'll give you more than the original worth of the jewel, and that ought to satisfy you."

"It would not satisfy me, I assure you. Money could not have induced me to part with the ring, had not my necessities been so great. You must return it, sir," she concluded firmly.

"Why need you value it so—just because it was your mother's?"

"Is not that reason enough why I should? A thousand pleasant associations are connected with it."

"Hem! yes," said the pawnbroker, indifferently. "Some folks do value sentiment; but I don't. Don't worry about the ring though, Miss; I'll fetch things all right again. Go to where this card directs, a week from to-day, and you'll receive the jewel."

Celia glanced at the card.

It read, No. ——, Hagner street.

"Why am I to go there for it?" she asked, uneasily.

"I'm about to change my place of business; I am obliged to leave here."

"I fear you are deceiving me," said Celia, plainly expressing her suspicion that such was his intention.

"Now, miss, that's unfair," returned he, affecting an injured air. "You've no right to insinuate anything like that. It's the first time I've ever been told to my face that I wasn't honest. But I don't resent it; I know you're disappointed and anxious about the ring, and you naturally think that I want to cheat you. But ask folks around here—folks who know me—if I am not to be trusted. I've lived in this neighborhood not less than twenty-five years, and when a man lives twenty-five years in the same place you may be sure he's honest. Come to me, at No. —— Hagner street, next Friday, and you will find that I'm what I am!"

This rather equivocal conclusion was remarked by Celia, who, with little abatement of her anxiety, asked:

"But where is Hagner street? I never heard of it."

The pawnbroker informed her of its locality.

"Neighborhood not the best," he added; "but I'm assured I can do a better business there than here."

"I should think you would not like to change after such a long residence in this place," remarked Celia, rather sharply.

"Ah, but you don't understand, miss. This is a rented property, and the other is my own. I'm going to it to save rent. And now, if you please, I'll wait on this gentleman coming in."

Celia considered herself dismissed at this. She left the shop, feeling that she had possibly been deceived throughout, but not knowing what to do, except to take the card the pawnbroker had given her, with a view to a visit to the place where it directed her.

But before she had gone more than three or four squares, a new thought occurred to her—she wondered why it had not before. She would go back and ask the pawnbroker to endorse her ticket as good for the redemption of the ring, so that on the occasion of its next presentation it might not be pronounced overdue, and consequently worthless.

Accordingly she turned back and re-entered the shop.

By this time there was another customer there, and to her surprise she saw that it was Madame Derveux. Celia had re-entered the shop quickly and quietly.

The gentleman who was there when she left came out just as she went in; only the pawnbroker and Madame Derveux were present.

So engrossed were they in the examination of some article before them that for a moment neither perceived that Celia was near. Madame Derveux's back was turned to her, and the pawnbroker might have imagined that none but the figure of the departing gentleman had just passed through the door. But, of course, it was only an instant before he saw that Celia had returned.

With a quick, nervous movement he endeavored to grasp something that Madame Derveux had just put down on the counter. But in his eagerness he blundered, and instead of securing what he apparently wished to conceal from Celia's observation, he struck it with his hand, and it fell ringing to the floor.

Celia's quick eye caught the flying flash of the object. She saw that it was a piece of jewelry, and when it rested on the floor, recognized her own precious ring.

In the pawnbroker's face was the chagrined look of a liar caught in a lie.

Madame Derveux, turning, was startled to see before her the figure of her late employee. A guilty look was in Madame's face also. Celia's first movement was to spring for the jewel and secure it.

This done, with an expression of pardonable triumph, she confronted the discomfited pair, who hardly knew what to say first.

So our heroine spoke, addressing the pawnbroker:

"Here is the money you advanced on the ring," she said, with the contempt that honesty always feels for rascality.

And she laid it and the ticket on the counter.

The fellow's true nature now revealed itself, and he said, insolently:

"I suppose you think I lied to you? Well, I did. I had the ring all the time, and intended to keep it. It's an old-fashioned thing, not actually worth the money I gave you on it."

"Then why did you desire to keep it—to defraud me of it?" demanded Celia, with both indignation and suspicion.

The presence of Madame Derveux served to strengthen a query that had before risen in Celia's mind—whether it was possible that some secret was connected with the ring. She had again and again wondered why Madame Derveux had shown her such hostility.

She could not think that jealousy on account of Marie Derveux was the only reason for it.

"Never mind—just yet at least—why I wanted to keep it," returned the pawnbroker in reply to Celia's question. "I might just have a fancy for such bits of trash. I might want to keep you awhile, too."

The fellow had moved toward the door as if to prevent her egress.

Celia was alarmed; both in this movement and the man's words there was a plain threat conveyed.

"You won't go to Hagner street now, I reckon?" he asked, impudently. "Of course not; therefore my plan falls through. Don't be alarmed, miss, but you can't go from here just now. It ain't safe for you to be about. *There's an advertisement out for you!*"

His looks expressed more and more hostility. Celia felt like screaming out; but there was Madame Derveux. Her presence was a sort of protection, even though she was no friend.

Suddenly the pawnbroker, first glancing toward the door of his shop to see that no one was entering, snatched a shawl that lay on a chair, and threw it over Celia's head. She struggled violently, but was soon overpowered, for the man, small of figure as he was, had an extraordinary strength in his sinewy arms.

Madame Derveux was greatly alarmed to witness this scene of violence; not that she sympathized with the [illegible] girl, but because she feared [illegible] to herself, as the reflection that she might be implicated in the outrage entered her mind.

"Don't bind her, [illegible]," she called, to the pawnbroker. "What if some one should come in?"

"That's what I am afraid of," he returned, in an excited breath. "Open that door, please."

He pointed to a door in the rear of the shop.

"Quick!" he gasped.

Madame Derveux obeyed.

Celia was then lifted from the floor by the villainous pawnbroker, and conveyed, almost insensible now, to a small and obscure apartment just behind the shop-room.

He then more carefully bound her. He even suggested gagging her, but Madame Derveux was not so hardened as not to protest against that.

"It wouldn't hurt her," declared the fellow; "and I must make her safe. Since we've begun this thing we might [illegible]

as well marry it through. We can take a holiday in the fall, and Sally, you calculated all the costs beforehand. The new advertisement will be sure to pick her up, and then she don't likes old Spiker anymore. How fortunate that you came in with the intelligence that there is another fortune to be won for her. And how fortunate she came back. I declare though I hardly knew what I was about when I sprang upon her; I just went by impulse. It was a good thing to do in open day, right there in my shop. But those we were not discovered——"

"Don't say so, say yourself," interposed Madame Derveux, feeling very uncomfortable at the criminal turn the affair had taken.

"Well, just as you choose; only you mustn't blab. I was about to say that the girl is nothing but an ordinary sewing girl, you remember you know, though—had, therefore, nobody will miss her. Don't get scary, madame, we'll get our money yet."

"But what will you do with the girl?"

"Oh, I'll manage to get her down to Hagner street to-night, and she'll be perfectly safe there, till we've done with bleeding Spiker."

"And then what?" asked the woman, nervously.

"Oh, I don't know; there's time enough to think of that. Maybe she'll die; it's a mighty unhealthy place down there; fever, dirt and so forth—small-pox, for anything I know."

"I don't suppose it will be much worse for her there, though, than it would be tending over a sewing-machine, when her health is so poor," said Madame Derveux, as if to prepare her conscience for the event, in case Celia should die. She did not know that Celia had found better employment.

"Oh, no; sewing brings on consumption, you know, if one does much of it."

Madame Derveux didn't look as if consumption had made much progress in her case.

"Now I must go back to my shop," continued the villain, in the same cautious, though rapid utterance he had all along used. "There may be a dozen customers in, and they'll think it queer there's no one to attend to them."

"And I must get out of this without being seen," said madame, anxiously.

"Wait, I have a private way; take that door."

Glancing in the direction his finger pointed, she saw that egress was promised in a safe manner. With a parting and half-pitying look at the form of the helpless girl, the mercenary woman, who had now been led further into crime than she had at first thought she would be, went out.

The pawnbroker applied to Celia's nostrils a vial containing some pungent mixture, thus to secure her further insensibility, and then also left her.

We may here say that the collusion of these two—for of course Madame Derveux—in this daring wrong was a matter of very recent arrangement. They had had dealings before, but not of the present character.

Each had chanced to discover that money was to be made out of facts relating to Celia Burke. The accidental reading of an advertisement, and subsequent investigation had informed the one; the ring and chance knowledge of some other circumstances had enlightened the other.

A desire to secure an able partner to join her in her black-mailing of Moses Spiker had induced Madame Derveux to apply to Cregar, the pawnbroker; and so they had become confederates in the plot.

When one step is taken in criminal enterprises another often becomes very necessary. Madame Derveux had gone further than she had premeditated already. But rather than turn back, she was prepared to go still further; and so the persecuted Celia Burke, with two such plotters against her, was surely very dark.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE WOODSONS.

It is time our narrative returned to our friends, the Woodsons.

Christmas! Christmas!

The shop windows told it everywhere. It seemed as if no penny had been known, as if poverty and want could not exist, with so much brightness, such fullness of good things near.

The day was neither cold nor gloomy, though cheerless enough to many.

Thousands of homes felt as before the genial influences of the festival. But in many others the picture of the coming holiday brought little happiness.

It is hard to sit by a cold hearth, an empty or scantily spread board, to look upon comfortless surroundings, and yet be happy. Human nature that the poor and suffering sometimes forget that "peace on earth good will to men" was ever proclaimed; no wonder that they too often regard life as a warfare, in which every man's hand is against his brother.

Such bitterness as this did not enter the heart of either John Woodson or his wife, as they beheld the Christmas dawn; but they could not resist the mental thought that their lot was harder than it ought to be—especially the former could not.

"Christmas, Mary; merry Christmas!" was John's greeting to his wife, in a sort of mockery pleasantry.

"It is not a merry Christmas, John; I cannot bring my lips to say that. We are poor in purse and health, but I am grateful for what good we have."

"It is mostly counted, Mary."

"Just think, John, if we haven't a good bit—ourselves and our boys, and some faith yet in the dear Lord's goodness."

"But not much coal or provisions," qualified he, with an asperity he could not stifle.

"John!" said Mrs. Woodson, in a pained and gently reproving way, "I am afraid you speak too lightly."

"Lightly? if what I said isn't serious I don't know what is, Mary."

"But there was a levity in your remark; never jest about Providence, John."

"It seems to me, with that Providence does or permits home your things. It is in Burton, the banker, take one from hundred dollars to buy a Christmas feast, while we have nothing to sacrifice a turkey the size of a partridge."

"John, John," pleaded Mary, whose gentle soul was greatly disturbed to hear such expressions from her husband, "you must not say such things; it is wicked."

"But isn't it so?"

"It is true that Andrew Burton has [illegible] and Darkes attending a Gala, by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old established Cathartic for Coughs, Sore Throat and Pulmonary Affections.

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ALL ABOUT LOVE.

[illegible]

FLYING FROM FATE.

BY DAN DE LYONS.

When Dr. Lawrence Darcone, Surgeon U. S. N., left Rome for Naples in the winter of 18—, he was [illegible]

[illegible]

"Mammiella," said he, as he looked from the girl to Pedro, who, leaning on a windowsill at the door, was looking up into the fair face that, turned steadily away from him, was still further shielded by the delicate hand which the girl lifted to her temple, as if to shut out the intense light of her lover's longing eyes.

"I," said Lawrence, with a sigh, for he had begun to hope that Bianca and Naples might help him to forget Rome, "may as well go to the other window and look at Vesuvius."

He did not go, however, for he found that he could catch now and then a word from Pedro—or even a sentence, which, aided by the earnest gestures of the young Italian, interpreted pretty nearly all of his impassioned suit, to judge from the young girl's heightened color, lifting and falling lashes, smilingly parted lips, and more and more yielding attitude, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Then Larry Darcone did go and look at Vesuvius, feeling instinctively that a volcano was a congenial object of contemplation under existing circumstances.

[illegible]

saw you in Rome and asked for your hand."

"Asked for my hand?"

"Yes."

"And you are——"

"Yes, love—the Duke De Chartreuse."

"Oh, you traitor!" cried his betrothed, but she yielded to his embrace, for who can avoid their fate?

CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

The following is an account of the capture of a herd of wild elephants, numbering forty-nine head, in the Mysore District, India. An irrigating canal wound through a dense jungle, at some points approaching a small river, at others stretching away from it into the jungle. In one place a bend of the canal formed, with the river, an inclosure in the shape of a horseshoe, containing about fifteen acres of wooded ground. To this place elephants were in the habit of resorting during the [illegible], crossing the canal at three or four points where the banks had become trodden down by constant use. In order to trap the entire herd two lines of chains were stretched across the river at the ends of the horseshoe, and a trench was dug on the river bank to cut off escape on that side. The elephants having crossed into [illegible]

Flying from Fate.

[illegible]

A VALUABLE HORSE.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

[illegible]